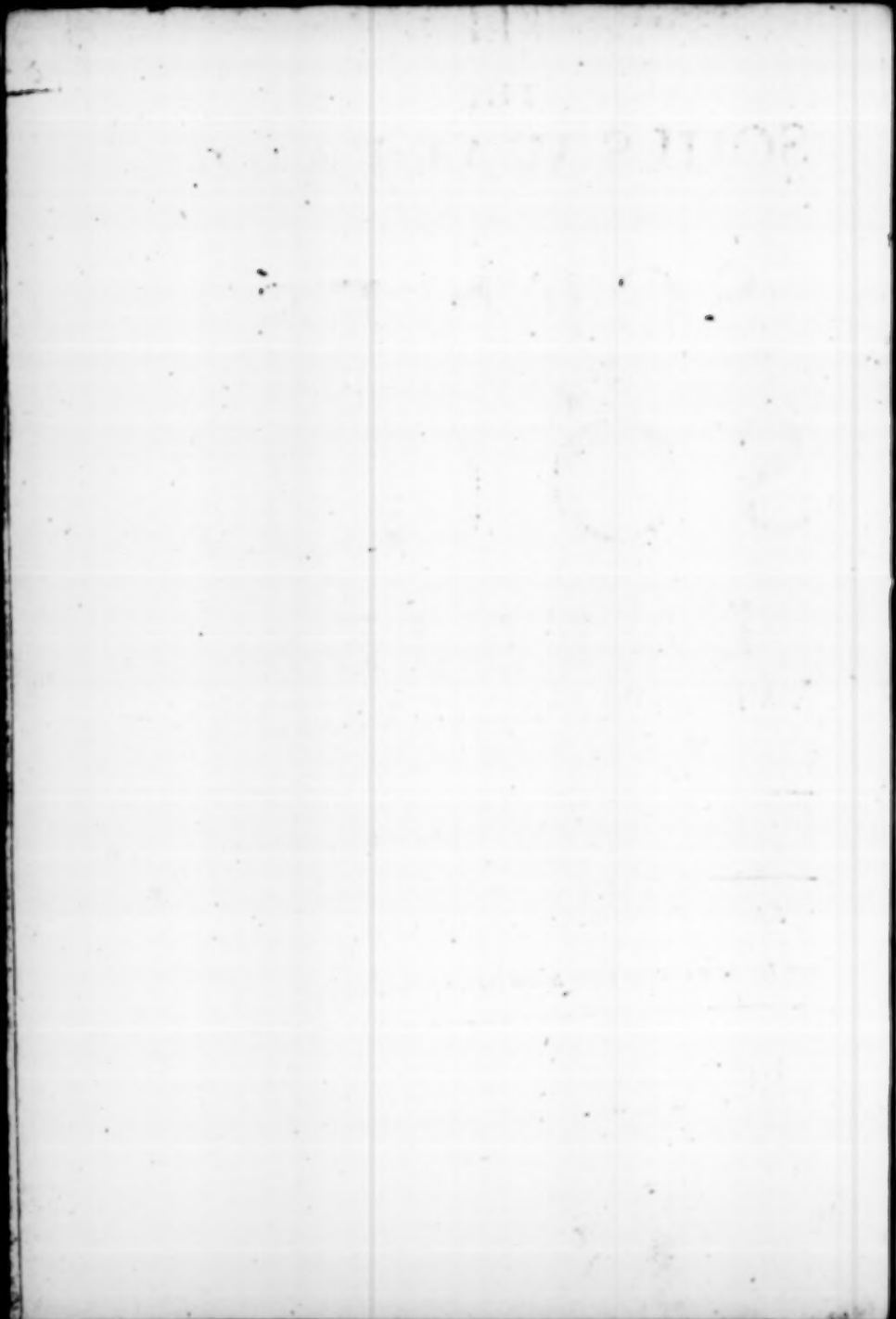


THE
SOULS WARFARE
Comically digested into
SCENES,
Acted between the
SOUL
AND HER
ENEMIES
VVherein she cometh off VICTRIX
with an Angelical Plaudit.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, &c. Ephes. 6. 12.

*Quomodo fabula sic vita, non quam diu sed quam bene
acta sit refert
— tantum bonam Clausulam impone. Seneca Epist. 72.*

LONDON,
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at the West end of St. Pauls. 1672.



TO
The Right Honourable
and no less vertuous
M A R Y
Countess of *WARWICK*.

Madam,

I Am sensible, that it is a great presumption in me, being an Obscure Person, and altogether unknown to your Honour, to prefix that illusrrious Name of yours to this mean undertaking which has been already celebrated to the World, in the workes of your Honourable Brother; whose learned Pen, can give an immortality to anything it mentions. But to render my attempt herein, if not warrantable, yet the more excusable: I must say that my chief designe herein, was an Essay of gratitude towards your Honour, as a poor acknowledgment of your favours, towards some, the nearness of whose relation to me, bath reflected a great part of the Obligation, upon myself, and rendred me your Debtor. And under this Character, I am bold to offer these fancies to your Honours Patronage, as a Testimony to the World, of that real esteem and reverence the Author of them bears to your admired vertues. The following lines were the unripe fruits of a youthfull fancy, and the divertisements of idle houres. They are innocent and harmless, And that's the best I will say of them. Recommending them to your Honours gracious acceptance from

Madam,

Your Obliged Servant
and Honourer,

R. T.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

E <i>mpirea</i> , the Soul.		
<i>Cosmos</i> , the World.		
<i>Profit</i> ,	{	her two Minions.
<i>Pleasure</i> ,		
<i>Sin</i> ,		
<i>Lust</i> ,		
<i>Carn</i> , the Flesh.		
<i>Reason</i> , Privy Counsellor to <i>Empirea</i> , but disloyal.		
<i>Scandal</i> ,	{	Castigators.
<i>Poverty</i> ,		
<i>Sickness</i> ,		

<i>Faith</i> ,	{	the three Theological graces, and Attendants to the Queen <i>Empirea</i> ,
<i>Hope</i> ,		
<i>Charity</i> ,		
<i>Vision</i> ,	{	
<i>Auditus</i> ,		
<i>Olfactus</i> ,	{	the five Senses.
<i>Tactus</i> ,		
<i>Gustus</i> ,		

P R O L O G U E

THe Life of Man, a Tragi Comedie,
Varied with Scenes of sorrow and delight,
The World's the Scene and we the Actors be,
Angels spectators, that behold the sight.

1. The prologue to it, is an Infants Cry,
(So our first Scene beginneth Tragical,)
The Epilogue unto this Tragedie,
A dying groan, Tears, and a passing Bell.

2. The Comick part thereof, a Scene or two,
Of Mirth and Laughter, in our frolick Youth,
Attend still with far more Scenes of Woe,
And sadness; those are fictions, these are truth.

3. Heav'n gives the Plaudits, when the All is done,
Or else explodes it if 'tis done amiss,
Or Life, or Death, Damnation, or a Crown
Of Glory the reward of acting is:
He acts his part unto the Life indeed,
To whom Heav'n's Plaudits, shall his All succeed.

(1)

THE
Souls Warfare,

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Empirea, Cosmus, Profit, Pleasure, *dress like Pages.*

Cosm. **H**ail fairest Queene!
Empir. who's there, the *World*?
Cosm. ————Tis I,
Madam your humblest servant, that am come
out of that Love and Duty that I beare

unto your Sacred Person, to present
Two of my faithfull Servants, to attend
and wait upon your Highness:

Empir. Pretty Lads,
What call you them?

Cosm. This in the Sarcenet suite
of divers Colours, and a swelling Plume
of *Edritch-Feathers* dancing on his Beaver,
is called *Pleasure*; that same other in
a Robe thick laid with Gold, whose shining lustre
outvies the Prince of Day in all his glory,
is *Profit*; t'one a merry wag, and will
defend you from the mind-afflicting Charms
of Melancholy, that same Peevish Fiend,
Hee'll strew your ways with Roses, you shall ly
on beds of Violets, and shall surfer too
on Aromatick sweets: both Heaven and Earth
shall yeild their daynties up, the Stars shall serve
to make you Jelly; and the Pearly dew
perfumed with the choice attracting spirits
of *Flora's Office*, shall every Morn

B

be

be for your morning drink; then shall he run
 into the Indies, and thence load himself
 With richest spices to perfume the Air
 When you shall walk abroad; Each morning he
 shall wait upon you with a Heav'nly Noise
 of rarest Musique, whose sweet harmony
 shall pass that of the Spheres, and fill you full
 of joyfull ex'acies; Green shades bestrew'd
 with Natures verdant Plush, and thickly lac'd
 with various colour'd flowers: shall please your eyes
 and bless your smelling too: then will he lead
 you on your gentle Palfrey to the Park,
 Where you shall follow brave *Albion* mates
 over the flowery Lawnes, and Christal Springs
 after the light-foot Deer, till they shall fall
 down Captive at your feet: then against your
 returnn, shall he new dress him in a Banquet
 or when you would be private, he shall read
 sweet Amorous Sonnets to you; such as are
 Great *Ovids* bucksome Elegies: and then,
 when as the Sun has in his Western Bed
 shrouded himself and left his guard of Stars
 to watch the slumbers of the universe:
 he'll lead your senses into Pleasant Dreams,
 With the sweet lullaby of pleasant songs
 from fairest Virgins such as *Hellen* was:
 or rather such as that same Quintessence
Apelles drew, and who shall likewise mix
 their amorous songs, With honyed balm of Kisses,
 press on the Cherrys of their yeilding lips;
 So shall he entertain you all the night,
 Feasting your Grace with pastime and delight.

This other Youth, whose Visage altogether
 is not so pleasing, but does seem to look
 with a severer, with a graver aspect,
 With eyes cast down upon his Mother Earth,
 Born in *America*, where in the Mines
 he sometimes dwelt, but since the western World
 has fetc'd h'm thence, and now he flourishes
 in the most splendent Courts and Pallaces

of *Asian* and *European* Monarchies he
 now with his pleasing Arms intertwining round
 Great *Cæsar* *Brower*, and makes his Majestie
 look with a greater Grace; than they of old
 did with their Lawrel Boughs. He is
 a Counsellor to Kings; who will not dare
 to enter upon any thing, till they
 have first consulted him, 'Tis he must raise
 their legions for them, and the mettall is
 that makes their Souldiers fight, and does inflame
 their courages more than Drum, or Trumpet can,
 He makes their Navies (like as *Silva* would
 conquer the Ocean) cloud the unruly Main,
 and spread themselves into these forreign Soiles,
 that Fame her selfe nere knew, subduing all
 the way they go, till all the World should stand
 amaz'd at them; He alone it is,
 that is the strength and sinews of the Land,
 and does extend his divine influence,
 into the darkest Corners of the Weal:
 He 'tis that makes the great ones like to Suns,
 each in his place, admired and adored;
 That blazens forth their honourable Crests,
 and decks their Names with reverence and esteem:
 He is a comfort to afflicted ones:
 and those afflicted persons, that have left
 no Freinds nor comforts, he can in a trice
 create them both: when they are deeply plung'd
 in want or misery he helps them out,
 When sad, he cheers them, when imprison'd frees them,
 When sick he cures them, when in pains doth ease'm.
 'Tis for these glorious properties the World
 adores him: People placing him in shrines
 of well tew'd leather, built him temples of
 hard Adamantine, time out-wearing mettall;
 Worshipping him as God, of whom they find,
 so much of good to Body and to Mind.

And now (*Great Princess!*) see this Glorious wight
 that rules the hearts of them that over-rule
 Great Monarchies here ready stand to beg

to be your Slave, daign him a Pages place,
Illustrious Queen! and in your Privy-Chamber
 But let him wait, you'll find him diligent
 and trusty. He shall fetch the *Indian Mines*
 into your Coffers, fill your Cabinets
 with Pearls, more rich than *Cleopatra's* draught,
 Priz'd at a Kingdom, ——— this can Gold and more——

Empir. Nay her's enough;
 Base Sycophant, I do not like your wooing;
 thinks't thou to trap a pure immortal Soul,
 with such inferiour tricks? *World*, do'st know
 who 'tis I am? Is not my Royal Father
 the Great Creator of the Universe,
 and King of thee, and all the World beside?
 Is not my Country Heav'n, of which I am
 an heir, and where I have laid up a Crown?
 Are not the Angels, whose pure beings are
 Exempt from dross and grosser qualities,
 Mighty and glorious, my attendants, and
 shall I admit of Drudges, base born Slaves
 to be about me? No, they are too foul,
 too earthly, too impure: Thy worldlings may
 think them well favored, but I can discern
 no fairness in them: as for *Pleasure* let
 him go serve Swine, or tend the bearded Crew
 that climb the Mountains; whose bruit natures may
 require those kind offices that you
 have profer'd to me, but an heir of Heaven
 flights them as Dirt and Trash: let profit go
 again for me, into those dirty holes
 from whence he came, or to such Earth-worm's fly,
 as love like Swine to wallow in their Mire;
 But let not dirty clay, burnished ore,
 dare to appear before a Heaven-born-Soul
 pure as the Stars: I will not be defil'd
 with such base rubbish; my Choice faculties
 will not away with their society,
 Nor do I care they should then bear them hence,
 I care not for their sight:

Cosm. Madam you are

Ignorant

Ignorant of their worth, you do not know
 what comfortsthey will prove, when you shall be
 afflicted, or with pains, or loss of Friends,
 or any other maladie. you'll find
 no such hearty Cordials as Sir Gold
 can then administer; But let me know
 upon what ground is your displeasure founded.

Empir. I need no Servitors, I have enough:

Cosm. Store is no sore,

Empir. But they'll prove sores to me,

Cosm. Your reason for't,

Empir. To tel you plain they are
 too like their owner they'r too like to you:

Cosm. Madam is that your thought?

Empir. It is,

Cosm. you may
 please to remember, I have not deserv'd
 such usage at your hands, I did not think
 you could be so ingratfull (parden me)
 I say ungratefull, thus at last with scorn,
 back to repay me those indulgencies,
 whereby I have preserv'd you ever since
 you were created; tell me, have not I
 upheld thy being by my Elements,
 have not I fed thee, cloth'd thee, hous'd thee, kept thee,
 and more —— but I forbear —— you can't but know
 how the whole Microcosm depends on me,
 and yet thusto abuse my love and kindness —— 'tis

Empir. What is it?

Cosm. High ingratitude,

Empir. Thou art deceived vain wretch, did ever I
 receive such kindness at thy poisoned hands?
 Did I e're tast thy bounty? who a spirit,
 am made unable ought to entertain
 but what is likewise spiritual, these
 Corporeal Elements, in me can no
 reception find, my food is from above:
 Celestial Manna, food from heav'n, from whence I had
 this being given, never to decay,
 but by the same almighty power that did

Create me without other adjument,
 I live a life that never shall have end.
 Then *Cosmus* cease to twit
 me with those courtesies I nere receiv'd,
 and so farewell, I've other business
 to mind, then your impertinencies

Cosm. Nay Lady:

Empir. Sweet *World* forbear, indeed I cannot stay
 I must to Court and you'll obstruct my way

Scena Secunda.

Satan. *Lust.*

Satan. Great Founder of our Hellish Monarchie!
 that by thy power could'st bright Lucifer
 unhinge from his imperial Station,
 spoil the great universe, and overthrow
 the Lord of this fair Frame, with all the rest
 of his star-vying Issue; and thereby
 enlarg'd the Confines of the infernal Crown.
 There is great *Potentate*, a Beauteous thing
 We call a Soul, of noble Progenie,
 here boarding for a while upon this Earth,
 and then bound for the Stars: now, we that are
 Griped with envy, when we any see
 but reaching thither at that glorious Crown,
 that we have lost by our rebellion;
 have left a while the other great affairs
 of this our Kingdom, and to feed revenge
 have pre-ordained her a sacrifice,
 unto the boiling anger of our breast:
 and you *Great Sir*!
 That of our Victor are become our Friend
 and jointly labour with us to maintain
 and hold up the joint interest of our Realm
 we must implore your aid———*Shée's* young as yet
 and newly kindled and her bosome soft,

tis Virgin wax : and that will easily yield
to whatso'ere impression, let it bear
a Catalogue of thy infernal waiters,
let it be sullied, that what e're is good
may not be legible and then diffuse
thy secret Poison into her, that may
spread into every Vein and Arterie,
and make her foul to him that doth so much
desire to win her ; nor mean while will I
be idle, but will dayly study how
to farther this our great design.

Last. Illustrious Friend,

Ere since the time thou gavest me a being,
and the Universe had cause to spend a curse
on my behalf, and since the time that we
brought down great *Anthropos* to that estate
whereto a while before, *Nemesis* had
condemned you : we have made it our design
to enlarge the limits of our newfound Kingdom :
Witness, those Millions of Souls, that ly
in Chains of Horror in dark *Acheron* ;
All which by force or cunning, we have won
from him that rules the Region of the Stars :
And shall we let this single animal,
go simple forward in her way to Heaven,
and have no pul-backs for her, frauds, nor slights
to insnare her with, no Cloudie mists or fogs
to cast before her eyes ? no Pitfalls laid
to interrupt her feet ? could we have power
by the strength only of one single Sin
to pull down Angels from their sacred Thrones,
into this Pit of *Sulphure* ? and cannot
the like do by this clay-informing fire ?
half ours already, by that leprous stain
of hereditary corruption,
wherewith at first I poysoned her ; whose guilt
washt of by Baptism and her Saviours Bloud
yet habits still remains ; her faculties
(Royal attendants to this Heaven-born Queen
already we have corrupted, and made swear

Fealty to our service, *Knowledge* first,
 her great intelligencer, *President*
 too of her privy-Council, and the Star
 whose light should guide her to port of bliss,
 we have robbed of its heavenly notions
 darkned its lustre, and instead thereof,
 planted dim notions and deceitful lights,
 that spread their rayes on nothing but what is
 Earthly and filthy; the affections
 seem to stand neuter yet, so does the Will,
 t'one we have bribed with some gaudy trifles
 as honours, pleasures, riches, and the likes;
 the Will seems to be goveraed by them,
 but now and then drawes back as though it smelt
 some treachery, but that which most availes
 is, we have gotten *Reason* in to be
 a privy-Councillour, who will no doubt
 carry our work on well; the Passions
 have mixt themselves with the affections,
 disordering and making them unruly:
 ayiming at nothing but a Tirany,
 which all the other powers must obey.
 And sith we know and pollicy informs
 us, how the way to conquer first must be
 by strengthening our selves by potent allyes;
 We have got the *World* to be on our side too,
 who yesterday attended with a pair
 of wily Lads (that can insinuate
 into your bosome, and then cut your throats)
 offered them to be pages to the *Queen*
Empire, But she in a sudden fit,
 I wish (It be not policy) refus'd
 them both, but stay, here *Cosmus* comes himself:

— Enter

—— Enter Cosmus, with a dejected look, and muttering somewhat to himself. ——

Let him relate his embassy at large ;
 now Mischief ! what a Vengeance ailes thy looks
 to be so crabbed ? don't thy Pitfalls take ?
 Do men grow wise and 'scape them ? or return
 thy favours as they would commodities
 where they suspect a Cheat ? has some sick Nun,
 whose Queazy stomach could not well digest
 thy fooleries, having but lately took
 thereby a surfeit, shut thee out of doores,
 and in some Abby anchorized her self,
 and vow'd defiance against thee ? this would make
 Cosmus to frown indeed ——— but waving this
 prithee how can'st thou off the other day
 with thy two Bastards ? did the Queen except
 thy courtesie ?

Cosmus. —— No Sir, nor hardly would indure their sight ,
 though I us'd all the Rettorick I could ,
 to set them off, and yet me thought at first,
 somewhat she did incline , but now and then
 She'd turn her head aside , and look as though
 some one were whispering somewhat in her ear
 and then She'd sigh, and by and by would blush :
 But yet no Creature all this while I see
 till having finished my Oration ,
 (which she exploded as a little smoke,)
 She with a stiff denial turn'd about
 and left me.

Last. Basted ! Sure this Soul is monstrous wise,
 thus to outwit thee (World) what had'st thou ne're
 a Rattle in thy hand (which honour some
 will call) to gingle in her Ears, nor yet
 some curious painted bubbles, such as boyes
 raise out of Nutshells, to abuse her with ?
 These will do feats with others that declare

by such fond choiccs, what their Judgments are :
 But wifemen with an unconcerned look
 can fee thy Apes scrambling for Nuts, and toys,
 that thou in sport do'ft caft among them, and
 laugh at both them and thee —

Satan. What fays *Caro*,
 Pleads fhe not ought in their behalf ? !

Cosmus Poor Wretch !
 Shee feems to long more than a Bridegroom doth,
 for the approaching nuptial night, t'enjoy
 their company, She faves her Lady has
 made her keep Lent this twelvemonth, and hath pined
 her with bafe cankring abftinence fo long,
 that She is almoft ready to forfake
 her fervice, and return to Earth her Mother :

Left. Intollerable wrongs ! as long as flefh
 is thus kept under by her Tirannie,
 We fight againft the wind ; but can there be
 no way invented for to fet her free ?
 Cannot we get her to rebel, and turn
 to us ? fuch treason cannot but delight,
 and pleafing feem to mortified flefh,
 cannot we promife her for hardened floors,
 to fink in fofter down, for darkned rooms
 and folitary haunts, the pleafant walks
 of *Tempe* and *Ide*, promife *Elizium*
 and all the Joyes o'th' *Alebran* — but tuff,
 Shee knowes thee well enough — no need of Buff

But *Cosmus*, what do'ft think ont — prethee fpeak :

Cosmus. The *Italian* in his hottelt Jealoufie
 pries not more narrowly into the ways
 and actions of his new efpoufed wife,
 though a *Venetian*, and not paff eighteen,
 then doth *Empirea* watch th'inflaved flefh,
 forbidding her whatever liberty
Reafon might feem t'allow — who dares not flit
 once out of doores, but like a Reclufe hid;
 to all the world dark-Lanthorn'd as it were,
 Nor dare once caft a glance afide, but ftreight
 'tis check'd, luft charged with deceit and flefh,

be surely penanc't for't

Satan. O Cruel, Cruel as our self, what hope
have we as long as our friend *Flesh* is kept
thus in subjection to that stubborn dame?
yet we must help her, *Reason* is you say,
our friend :

Lust. ————— *He is,*

Satan. May not we try,
If with his Oyly language he perhaps
may with *Empires* prevail to let
her have more liberty.

Lust. We may, and 'tis
good policy, *Flesh* shall begin to rail,
and clamour, so we'll have the Plot, and then
Reason shall come and help her,

Satan. Very good ;
And if that need require, our self will there
be present, and with *Reason* will aloud
rail in *Empires's* Ears, till we shall fright
her into better thoughts,

Lust. 'tis done, and we
will go about it :

Satan. Fate auspicious be.

Exeunt-

Chorus of Angels.

Angel. 1. Thus is our Heav'n born sister, fain
To croud her way through grief and pain,
Ere she can come with us to rai:n.

Angel 2. Thus do her cursed foes that were
(Once our colleagues) seek to insnare,
her Heav'n-bound feet, and keep her there.

Chorus. But she shall overtop them all
And come to us when Heav'n shall call.

Angel. 1. Mean while, while she thus struggles out
Her passage thorough fear and doubt,
Let's go and camp our selves about

Angel 2. her sacred shrine and keep her from
whatever ill may chance to come
Unto her until she come home.

Chorus. When she shall overtop them all,
And live with us when heav'n shall call

Angel 1. And let our gracious Sovereign grant
Whatever succours she may want

Or comforts when her Joys are Scant

Angel 2. That she may never seem to be
A prey left to the Enemy,

But still be Crown'd with victory :]

Chorus. Till she shall overtop them all
And come to us when Heav'n shall call.

Actus Secundus. Scena prima.

Empirea, Caro, Reason.

Empirea. *Flesh*, pray keep in to day, we must to Court
and you must not be gadding as you use,
When we should thither take the milky way.
Pray stay at home and dress us, we must fast
to day; nay whine not *Flesh*, it must be so;
I'll tame your stubbornness, and bring you low;
What's that you say?

Caro. I cannot fast,

Empirea. How's that you cannot?

Caro. ————— No,

Most cruel Mistress, do but see how I
am skelton'd and marcerated by
your fastings, almost quintessenc'd
to skin and bones: see but my Brawn-fal'n-limbs
how lank their skin hangs like to leather baggs;
shall I be martyr'd that ~~isom~~ day to day?
I will not, nay I cannot, it is not
the way to have a servant of me long,
to use me thus, and pine me unto death,
against all reason —————

Enter

Enter Reason, Satan.

Reas. Good morrow Lady, what's your waiting mahl
and you fal'n out?

Empir. It seems so Sir, and't may be 'tis from you
we are, for even just but now she had
your name up.

Reas. Mine good Madam?

Empir. Yes, your's, good Madam,
you think it may be, we are ignorant
of your devices, and your tricks, to allure
her from our service.

Reas. Madam we that are
great moderatour of all humane things,
that hold the golden Scale wherein are weigh'd
all humane Actions, and Chief Counsellour
to truth, hold this as a disparagement
to our high office, that have hitherto
been a Peace-maker: no, we never come
where there is brawling, 'cept i be to end
the strife, and you do wrong us to suspect
what never yet occasion offered
to your hard thoughts.——

Empir. *Reason*, we honour thee, Mortals indeed
have cause to blefs thee, and adore thy light,
whom the grave-Magi of all times, have courted;
and in all civil Bodies hast a place:
Yes, we our selves are stiled rational,
and this above the rest of animals:
Thy lustre sets a goodly gloss upon
these worldly strifes, but in heav'nly things,
th'art wholly blind, thy wisdom, folly, and
thy light but darkness, these are spiritual
that we're about, and you must leave us here:
They are above you, they'r too high, too secret
for all your scrutiny.

Reas. how's that, too secret for us, we that are
Nature's Physician, have imbowel'd her
to all her woers; and by several clues

have winded every mistic maze within
the Universal labyrinth of the World
and trac'd their causes to their entities,
and then proceeding, find them all in one,
comprised and centred in perfection
can more be known to any one then this.

Empira. Yes, *Faith* knows more, and tells us mysteries:
not to be fathom'd by the utmost line
of all thy cunning, of the Trinity,
and that same Hypostatique union
of the two Natures; Humane and Divine
in one, The-anthropos, and of the great
Change at the final dissolution
these thou art ignorant of.

Satan. Reason 'le help thee or thou art ~~not~~ thrown
what madness has possess the Soul to throw,
durst in the face of him to whom she owes
her excellencie, since to be rational
gives her th'advantage of that nobler State
whereby she gloryeth over all the rest
of animals, if Reason lotted were
by the great Sovereign of beings, to
be Judge and President in chief o're all
thy family of faculties, how durst
thou thus abuse her great authority,
and call her powers in question to, set up
some new usurping fancies of thy own,
bred in the breasts of melancholy folk,
and vented by tradition through the World.
If thou unthron'st thy reason thus, what wilt
thou be surviving her authority?
irrational, a stile that levels thee
But equal to the state of bruits and beasts

Empir. Bafe feind thy bolt is shot, thy gin is laid,
I know thy wiles thy malice and thy spleen,
in tempting thus our faculties away,
from their allegiance to their Sovereign,
who is not *Reason*, but that God that gave,
her for a friend and helper to the Soul.
By whose authority she rul'd and reign'd,

and

and did dispose as pleas'd her best to do.
 But when perverted, by the envious wiles
 in Paradise she turned Rebel to
 her God, shee lost her self in tyrannie,
 by which o're swaid, we hitherto obeyed,
 and followed her dictates, running on
 thereby unto our own destruction:
 But since in mercy it hath pleas'd God
 (in order to that great Redemption
 his Son by dying purchased for us)
 to renovate our lapsed Natures by
 secret infusions of diviner grace,
 we find our selves lost to our selves, and not
 able by any power of our own
 to gain again that Innocence and peace
 we lost. *Reason* has lost her power whereby
 she would conduct us through those azured wayes
 that lead to happiness;

On this account do we disclaim her trust
 yeilding our selves unto a surer guide,
 yet hereupon we meritt notto be
 stiled irrational, we own her powers
 where she is able and deserves to rule
 in civil matters or in moral things.
 But in Divinity we fore too high
 for her to follow with those lamer wings,
 the fall has left her, nor do we decline
 her principles but rather would sublime
 them to superiour perfections;
 no way divesting her but seeking to
 invest her with more noble energies;
 rendring our selves no wayes irrational
 but rather truly Metaphysical:
 in seeking to regain that glorious state,
 which others that would wise ones counted be,
 and chieft Friends to reason-flighting, and
 instead thereof, choosung a moments space
 of Pleasures, ending in eternal pains
 before those sure and never-dying joyes
 shew themselves most irrational of all,

and such art thou thy self, O *Lucifer*,
 sine breaking thy allegiance to thy God
 thou of an Angel art become a Fiend:
 Condemn'd to torments that shall have no end.

But now our reason is grown impotent
 we readily submit her to the Will
 of him, whose sole commands sufficient are
 as they'r revealed in his sacred word
 to claim obedience to th'authority,
 of him who our Creator is and Lord:

Reason. But does that word that thou pretend'st to be
 such an observour of exact such hard
 and cruel usage as thy flesh sustains?
 He is the God of soul and body both;
 both alike tend red by his sacred care,
 whose gracious disposition doth preter
 Mercy before the goodliest sacrifice:
 Nor would these bodies, that he lent unto
 their Angel g. efts, should be abused thereby,
 nor yet the Temples of his spirit be
 defac'd or spoil'd by cruel usages,
 you are mistaken, God requires no such
 things at your hands —

Empir. *Reason* thy talk is vain,
 Thy Counsels frivolous, who does not know
 the great concerns of an immortal soul,
 were this our handmaid, such a friend to us
 as she was first ordain'd to be, we should
 use her accordingly but being now
 turn'd our professed Enemy, wee'd strive
 to keep her under, as we solemnly
 have vow'd in our Baptifinal Covenant
 And those rebellious members that are still
 unruly under that same easie Yoke,
 Our Saviour hath bequeathed unto us
 shall by constraint be made obedient to
 the Dictates of the heav'n aspiring mind:
 Thus we her by an En'mik shall subdue,
 and hereby win that great and glorious Crown,
 where with our Labours shall rewarded, be

in heav'n with other of those blessed ones
 that trampling on their clay'ie Cottages,
 did thence ascend into their several thrones
 And thus St. Paul, we find to conflict with
 more eagerness against these home-bred-foes,
 then e're he did with Beasts at Ephesus,
 keeping his body under, and by force,
 subjecting it, lest by its fraud or strength,
 he should his hope and glory lose at length.
 What if these Tabernacles may be said
 to be the Temples of the living God,
 if he will daign to dwell in Tents of Clay
 shall we not strive to make it an abode,
 fit for his Majesty? wee'l sweep it clean,
 although the scratchings make it bleed again.
 Then hence you treacherous enemies of ours,
 our ear hence-forward shall be deaf unto
 your cunning whispers that pursue our ruin,
 avoid our presence that intend to be
 reserv'd a while unto imployments, which
 our purely aim'd devotion calls us to.

Exit

Manet Empirea. Sola.

Can a Soul be alone and free from thoughts?
 that like Court-flatt'ers dog us every where,
 and with unwelcome noises still molest,
 the peaceful calmness of an holy mind.
 These busie Fiends continually attend
 our walks, our motions, and retirements, when
 we should be private, none but God and we,
 then steal these enemies upon us, and
 disturb the flights of our devotion,
 by whispering unto our senses base,
 unworthy things, that call aside our hearts
 from its pursuits in meditation
 of heav'nly things. But though we know their force
 to be more potent every way then ours,
 yet in his strength for whose sake thus we strive,

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we dare oppose our force, and faith sayes yet
 We shall come of a more then conquerour.
 In the name then of him, whose name we bear,
 And unto whom we did Allegiance swear.
 In entering first this military state,
 defying those three enemies of his,
World, Flesh, and Devil, I conjure you all
 my Sences, and my nobler faculties,
 to summon all your strengths, and with me joyn,
 against this three-fold Enemy of ours,
 whose force so great, and pollicy so deep,
 requires the utmost of our power and skill,
 to deal with; And my Sences, you that have
 the greatest trust about us, (for by you
 all objects are transmitted unto our
 Superiour faculties) have you a care,
 of this your charge; our state depends on you:
 If you prove false, by base confed'racy,
 with those our Enemies (that still will by
 their sly insinuations labour to
 withdraw you from allegiance to your God)
 you ruine us to all Eternity:
 listen not to their Sirens songs, they will
 easily tempt you to Intemperance;
 but heed them not, however pleasantly
 they look; if you embrace them, I'm undone!
 and in my health, you only can be safe.
 There are reserved better joyes than these,
 to feast you with, when his frail life is done.
 These pleasures you delight in, can afford
 no true contentment to a Death-less soul,
 whose vaster appetites still thirst to obtain
 more solid joyes, that know no date nor bounds,
 freed from all interruptions of loss,
 or casualty; our boundless aims can be
 satisfied no ways, with inferiour things,
 which loose themselves ev'n in fruition,
 and are at best but perishing, and vain.
 Those muddy pleasures that continually
 allure our sensual appetites, disturb

the pleasures of the Soul, who is design'd
 for nobler joys, and by the grosser fumes
 that rise from thence, so cloud our faculties,
 that we cannot discern those pure delights,
 that in Reversion we expect to have,
 after this life; when the remembrance
 of earthly pleasures will but torture us,
 when we shall see them gliding all away,
 and leave us nothing but the stinging thoughts
 of an afflicted Conscience, to reflect
 upon the woful bargain we have made,
 in changing an eternity of joys
 for momentary dross — my Scenes then
 injoy the pleasures of this world, as they
 were first design'd, as your *vaticum*,
 as the rewards our gracious father has
 assign'd us for our journey; let them be
 accepted as the tokens of his Love,
 Witnesses of his bounty, and the means
 t'inable us in this our tott'ring shed,
 t'employ our strength in serving of our God.
 Who when you shall have no more need of them,
 nor we of you, shall recompence our trust
 with the rewards of never-dying joys,
 and we for ever then shall sing his praise.

Exit.

Scena. Secunda.

Satan.

What preaching still (thou Enemy of ours)
 still plotting counter-works to overthrow
 our pollicies? then *Satan* thou art fool'd,
 gull'd by a simple animal, and sham'd
 thou art but *Beelzebub*, the God of flies,
 not he that's stil'd the Sovereign of the Air,
 and this worlds prince, these are but mockeries,
 and scoffs, the sacred Oracles of truth,
 have put upon thee, and our power is but
 a trifle, while we thus grapple with her

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that

that has victorious *Jesus* on her side.
 But can th'experience of so many years
 serve us no better now instead, then thus
 though crowned with so many victories?
 his our employment been e're since the worlds
 first ruine, daily to invent new wiles,
 and stratagems, whereby to overthrow
 the numerous issue of that woful Sire,
 that we at first unhing'd from his free state
 and brought into this Captive state of ours?
 have we so long been conversant with hearts
 and known their shifts, their inclinations,
 and tendencies, have been so long a spie
 unto the secret motions of their minds,
 which we by the last word or action
 can easily discover and then suit
 temptations accordingly, to bring
 about our great designs, and fail we now?
 then the old serpent is a novice too,
 we may lie down and fret our envious breast
 to see victorious salvation,
 besool our policies, and curb our powers;
 yet not contented with an idle hate
 though we are conquer'd we must shew our spleen,
 It is the fate our angry Sovraign,
 hath fastned to our malice that it should
 make his almighty power more glorious
 by those defeats it suffereth thereby:
 what? she is young, her loves are yet new fledg'd,
 her resolutions not confirmed by,
 yet settled habits, and her cocmy,
 the flesh, (blooming with youth) importunate,
 for fuel to suffice its vagrant fires:
 she may be tempted yet for all her nice
 and strict behaviour though her squeamish maw
 can't away with the worlds delicates,
 though sugred ne're so finely, but prefers
 a mortifying abstinence before
 those fuller meals that others do as much
 long to repast on, she may soon be tir'd

with

with dragging on through such thorny ways
 of abstinence, while her impatient flesh,
 makes exclamations of her cruelty.
 Or if this fails and she victoriously
 pursues in her renewed purposes,
 we have another stratagem to act;
 What our allurements can't prevail to do,
Reproach and *Scandal* shall enforce her to.
 We want not instruments that easily can,
 bring this about whose tongues first kindled by
 our fires, will dare to scandalize that faith
 themselves pretend to, and by mocks and jeers
 blemish the purity of those, whom they
 care not to imitate——Happy the times
 for me, when goodness pass with men for crimes
 nor while our agents thus we shall employ,
 will be slack unto the utmost link
 of our controuling Chain, we will attend
 her Closet, and be ready with the soyl
 of Vain and Idle thoughts, to mix the fumes
 of the pure incense of her holy prayers;
 to slay her comforts with her doubts and fears,
 and turn her consolations into tears.
 Thus any way shall serve to wreak our spight,
 Weel hurt and wound her though we lose the fight.

Scena Tertia.

*The Scene, a Garden in which walking
 Empirea, the Senses, atten-
 dant, Faith.*

Empirea. O what a glorious subject have we here
 to raise us into contemplation,
 of our Creators Glory! while we see
 in every thing, the footsteps of his power,
 and wisdom manifested; O how great!
 how rich and glorious, must the fountain be,
 where these fair streams their flow and being have!

How great that wisdom that so orderly,
 in the conjuncture of this goodly frame
 of nature hath dispos'd its several parts !
 How great that power whose only fiat could
 speak them all out of nothing into these
 their several beings ! and then give them Lawes
 for conservation by a constant chime,
 of never ceasing generation,
 by which I see the Plants that lately were
 intomb'd within the Bowels of the Earth,
 now to regain a Resurrection,
 and lifting up their heads again to heav'n,
 as 'twere, in thankfulness unto that power,
 that so redeem'd them from their Winter sleep.
 How beautiful, and lovely nature seems !
 like to a Bride upon her nuptial day,
 How gay the flow'rs, with what variety !
 of colours, tinctur'd by the artful hand
 of their Creator, while their sweetness strives
 in emulation for preheminnence ?
 How rich a Sallad does the fields afford,
 as food for them, that then are food for us ?
 How wonderfully hath his providence
 enrich't the paths, on which we heedless walk,
 with these innumerable plants, indued
 each with 'its several property and use,
 whose various knowledge he has granted to
 the mind of man, to suit them to his ends
 of Health, or Pleasure : 'mongst the branches see,
 how chearfully the birds express their joys,
 for this sweet season by their merry notes,
 sporting themselves in the light Region ;
 and then descending to the Earth for food,
 or to the purling Streams, to wet their throats,
 when dry with chirping, and then lift their heads
 unto the skies, in thankfulness as 'twere
 for their Creators bounty ! Pretty things,
 how brisk they are, that lately hung the head,
 oppress'd with hardship of the Winter past,
 yet then our heavenly father's providence

provided for them, not a Sparrow but
was the peculiar object of his care?

And how much more shall we partake thereof,
that have so great interest in his love,
we are more dear than sparrows, so sayes he
that bought us; we were deer to him indeed!
then let distrust, or fretfull care, no more
oppress our spirits: while we have a God,
that careth for us, we will rest on him.

And now my eyes, that have the privilege
of other things, by a restraining nerve,
to have your sight inabled to ascend
into superiour objects, that we might
so comprehend the whole Creation,
and therein contemplate your MAKERS Glory;
look to that glorious place, that's pav'd with Stars,
where those great Worlds of light, the Sun and Moon;
perform their courses, and give lawes thereby,
unto our times and seasons, while the rest,
within their severall Orbs do variously
point out such knowledge to the mind of Man,
whereby he sees how lower bodies are
govern'd, by their higher influence,
And yet this goodly spangled covering,
and Roof of this inferiour Ball, whereon
we sojourn, but the outside is of those
same glorious dwellings of the Sovereign
of all, where he, compass with numerous hosts
of Angels, raigns in everlasting bliss.

There, there's our center, thither we aspire,
and long to leave this our imprisoning Earth;
that thither we might mount unto those joyes,
that there attend our coming, purchased,
and then prepared by our gracious Lord;
Who keeping there possession for us, we
ev'n long to meet with; he alone it is,
that is our Hope, our Life, our Crown, our bliss.

Visus. What goodly creature's that in yonder walk?
Some Angel sure in mortal habit, that
comes to invade us with astonishment

How

How well those brave attires become her neat,
 proportion'd limbs — But what a Syrens face,
 Crowns all their lustre, tempting smooth and fresh
 enough to make the blood dance in the veins
 of the most frozen - hearted Anchorite.

Empir. Whence this surprise? How came that amorous glance,
 stoln from the serious contemplation,
 of Natures far more innocent delights?
 Thus treach'rous still, forbear, too well we know
 the danger in those secret glances ly,
 we have an Enemy within our breast,
 to whom these objects first transmitted by
 your treacherous conveyance will imbrace
 them with the heats of base and lustfull fires,
 so you betray that holy purity,
 of our intentions to a brutish Fiend.
 Thus holy *David* by a wanton glance,
 was foil'd, and cast into the snares of *Lust*,
 which made him when recovered to pray,
 to have his eyes with-held from Varsity.
 Thus patient *Job*, that knew the danger too
 of these same spies, bound them by Covenant,
 never to look or gaze upon a Maid,
 O strange deceits of these our senses, how,
 alas how oft have we betrayed bin
 by these adul'trous glances? When our eyes
 have set our heart on fire, with flames of *Lust*,
 lew'd books, and images that have conveyed
 wanton imaginations into us,
 And stain'd the purity of our best thoughts,
 O never may we see those dayes again!
 What are these creatures, we so dote upon,
 fine polish'd dust that soon will cheat the hopes
 of those that most desire them, with a quick
 return to wrinkles and deformity,
 Beautie's a fading flow'r that soon decayes,
 and ends at last in rottenness and stench,
 And so my senses all you dote upon,
 Will take their farewell in Corruption.

Faith. But I discern incorruptible joyes,

fitable

Suitable objects for a deathless Soul,
 that when these temporary pleasures, shall
 languish into their Sepulchres of dust,
 shall bless them with an endless Vision
 of the Creators Glory, whom thou then
 shalt see no more by the reflection
 of these same outward things, but face to face
 there shall we see with ravishment of Joy,
 Our Saviour cloth'd with that precious flesh,
 in which he suffered, glorified with all
 the Royalties of his great Deity,
 there shall we see in a full Vision,
 all the great Counsellors of our God reveal'd,
 in Order unto our Redemption.

And all the secret causes of these things,
 that here our understandings, blunted by
 our fall, are impotent, in peircing through,
 Whereby the Soul in Extasies of wonder,
 rapt, shall behold her great Creators Glory,
 and Joy therein for ever, these are sights
 blessing the mind, with pure and true delights.

Audit. But what a voice was there, when now she sung
 the Spheres did nere afford such harmony,
 so ravishing as were those melting airs,
 that in delicious quavers flowed from
 the pretty lips of that same lovely Dame.

Faith. Is there such Musick then in mortal breath,
 that's scattered with the wind decays and dyes:
 what ravishment, and raptures must there then
 need'stend the Ecch's of heav'n's louder Joys
 when in triumphant songs, those glorious hosts
 of Saints and Angels, *Halelu-jah's* chant,
 to their Creators Glory——

Tellur. ——— O how soft,
 and delicate are those plump lips of hers,
 how would they melt in hushious Vapours to
 the close impression of an amorous kiss.

Faith. O folly of a Youthfull fancy thus
 to tempt a Soul unto such sensual thoughts:
 those amorous touches and embraces may

please you a while, but when your Idle Clay,
 shall moulder into rottenness and dirt,
 where will the pleasure of those touches be?
 'Twill not be long, ere the imprison'd Soul,
 be loosed from this corruptible frame,
 which she must render to her heav'nly Spouse;
 as a pure Vessel sanctified and free
 from all the stains of *Lust's* impurity:
 meanwhile let the ungovern'd youth but think
 upon the stripes and wounds of him, that dyed
 to ransom him, whose martyr'd flesh was free,
 from all Indulgencies of ease and sloth,
 but us'd to labours, watchings, toils and smart:
 Did then our head endure such miserie,
 and shall the members snort in luxurie?

Olfact. Never the *India's* with their numerous stores,
 of spices, could perfume the ambient Air,
 with such a fragour as ev'n now there came
 from her rich-scented garments as she pass'd.

Faith. Yet is the incense of a holy prayer,
 perfume'd by faith, more choice and sweet than they,
 more sweet the Spikenard of the Church, when she
 perfume'd the Table of her King therewith.

Gustus. What ever pleasures, yet the senses have
 admired in that goodly Paragon,
 I count as nothing to the luscious sweets,
 that in a well prepared Banquet, I
 have feasted on, stor'd with the chiefeſt Wines
 that *France*, or the *Canaries* could afford,
 with rich Conſerves and Viands intermixt.

Empir. Such are the thoughts of foolish *Epicures*,
 that think no Pleasure comparable to
 the gratifying of their Appetites,
 with dainty mortels, or delicious wines,
 but let those Enemies to *Temperance*,
 but weigh the uses of these things aright,
 for which they were intended, and they may
 see their abuse to make them worse than Beasts!
 whose need's the same with ours, yet use their food,
 but to sustain their natures, not to excess,

and their Field-salads serves their turn as well
as all our Arts of Cookerie can ours:
what are these meats and drinks, that we do so
abuse but daily reparations of
these our decaying cottages, that yet
will fail at length and both together be
turn'd to Corruption, he that daintier feeds,
at length makes but the fatter feast for worms,
Beasts feed on grass, and Man on Beasts, and Worms
devour the Man; *All is corruption.*

Faith. Labour not for the meat that perisheth,
for ther's incorruptible food for Souls,
the *hidden Manna*, and the *Bread of Life*.
Man liveth not by Bread alone, but by
the sacred Word of the Eternal God.
That Word, that was more sweet to *David's* tast,
than Marrow, or the sweetest Honeycomb.
By this the Soul is nourished unto
Eternal Life, the other ends in Death.
Let not your Tables then become your snare,
but use your comforts to those sober ends
they were intended, not for surfeiting,
or pampering of your unruly flesh,
but with such moderation, as you may
thereby be fitted better to go through
the Labours of this Life, in serving him,
whose bounty you partake of, and return
Praise, Love, and Duty to him for the same.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Cosmus.

But what a peevish thing is this same Soul,
 that thus disdains whatever kindness we
 profess unto her, slighting all our gifts,
 pretending falseness in them, that they are
 but fair-fac't Monsters, with a stinging taile,
 frights all her senses from imbracing us,
 soothing them up with hopes of fairer Joyes.
Faith, is the spie that brings her messages,
 of Rich Reversions, in a promis'd land:
 a fair, and glorious inheritance,
 the interest of which, now with the hopes,
 of the Reversion, seem's the only stock
 on which she lives; She speaks of inward Joyes,
 and secret raptures, that do out-vy
 the greatest pleasures that my Monarch's can
 possesse and thus she Vilifies and slightes
 our state, and tramples on our best delights:
 But yet wee'l be revenged, and soon turn
 the Courtship of my smiles, into a frown.
 My proffers into pains, and make her know,
 The world can punish where she cannot woo.

Exit.

Scenò

Scena. Secunda.

Empirea, Slander, Poverty, Sickneſs,
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Slander. O what a goodly Puritan is here,
ſqueezing out tears, and ſnotting of his Walls,
as though Religion only did conſiſt,
in ſuch a ſpecious Piety as this:
to hunt a Conventicle, and then look,
demurely on it, with a ſtarched face,
to ſay forſooth, and yea, and tell no lyes
and ſwear no Oaths, though to decide a right,
or keep a law, what a fair Pharifice
is this; a cunning Fox i'le warrant ye,
that makes the world believe him honeſt, and
yet dares not be ſo for his ears, for fear
he ſhould not then be rich, let him alone,
and you will ſhortly have him preaching out
of ſome old Priſon-Grates or other, where
for his deceits, the Lawyer ſhould center him,
And then his ſaigned Piety ſhall be
Reveal'd, the miſeric of Iniquity:

Empir. Rave on mad *World*, and ſpend your cenſures ſtill,
we know your malice, and the object with
it allwayes aym'd at; *Holiſi* could nere
find other entertainments yet then ſcoffs
and mockings, ſlanders and reproaches,
but it was my Saviours lot to find the ſame,
among thoſe *Jews*, that would Blaſphemouſly
ford him no better ſtile then *Beelzebub*.
And may not we as well indure to be
Nick't-nam'd and ſcoft at? Did not he foretell
what we ſhould look for? let the *World* mock on,

henceforth ile take it as my portion.

But is it my preciser living, that

give's the offence, if that be scandal I le
offend them more, and yet be Viler still

Let us be branded with Hypocrisie,

God knowes our heart and that's enough for me.

The time will come, when they shall come to die,

That they'l be found the Hipocrites not I.

Faith. The time will come when all the World shall stand,
at Gods Tribunal, to receive their Doom.

That these same Enemies of his, and thine,
shall see that Innocence, that here was faine
to seek out corners, to avoid the Rage

of their malicious Enemies, shall be made
the subject of thy Praise, and of his glory:

while they mean while shall for their malice be

Cast into gulphs of endless miserie,

Charity. Yet let their malice, be requited with
sweeter return's from thee, let them obtain
thy pardon, and thy prayers.

Empir. ————— So they shall.

Poverty. Come *Soul*, do'st know me, in this ragged Garb?

I am no Courtier, thou may'st well perceive.

Thy house is like to be no Pallace, while

I stay in't, thou must be content with poor

and naked Walls, my Dy t too is spare,

my lodging hard, my Bolster stuf with cares,

My Phylick Labour, and my sauce is sweat:

With which I toyl for whatfoe're I eat.

Thus have I told you of my quality,

And further, I am called Poverty.

Empir. *Poverty*, welcom; here sit down by me,
upon this Dunghill; thou wert once a Friend
to *Job*, his faithfull Steward, d d'st improve
then his estate to good advantage, and
perhaps thou mayest do mine so, I have long
Expected thee, yet net never did invite

thy

thy company by any loose or vain
 courses of spending, or neglect to get
 by lawfull wayes. Thou comest freely, sent
 by the Almighty; welcome, though it be
 to strip me of my best injoyments, and
 leave me as naked as at first I came
 into the World, it is my God that gave
 them to me and now he requires them back.
 I freely render them to him again,
 I know his goodness will not let me want
 that which he gives to sparrows and to flow'rs,
 He is my God still, that's enough, and I
 have better treasures stor'd in him than these,
 ————— have I not Faith?

Faith. Dear Soul thou hast, and his
 Bosome is thy Exchequer, whence thou may'st
 Exhaust rich mines of Comfort, there's a Crown
 and Kingdome for thee too in Heav'n thou hast
 Treasures laid up that thou canst never be
 bereaved of by any Casualty.

Empir. Blessed be God: and having such a store
 henceforth my self I'll never reckon poor.
 But what art thou, that look'st so pale and grim?
 scarefull as death.

Sickness. A Pursivant to him:
 his Messenger, that come to warn thy hast
 toward a Dissolution.

Empir. ————— Welcome last
 of all, yet welcom'st dearest *Sickness*, come
 and lead we gently to my fathers home,
 I'm weary of this World, and long to be
 dissolv'd, that with my Saviour I may be,
 I long to have possession of those joyes,
 that I have waited for, and have my Eyes
 wipt from those tears, that in this World find springs
 still to add moisture to them, and to sing

————— my *Hallelu-jah's*:

Satan. Soft a while you run

too swift, thin'kst thou thy work is fully done?
where are those evidences that should give
thee title to those Joies? thou mayest believe
amiss.

Empir. Yet *Satan*, this same word is sure
whereon I build my hopes and shall indure
to confirm this my faith, when thou and thy
accusing fiends shall be condemn'd thereby.

Satan. But thou may'st be mistaken in the ground,
Of this thy faith; it may be sandy found.
Thy faith may be presumption, and the rest
Of all thy graces, seeming, but at best.

Empir. No *Satan*, 'tis not as thou dost suggest,
I've built upon a Rock, that Rock is Christ.
Whose faithfull servant I have been, and find,
The same suggested likewise to my mind.
By him that is the spirit of truth, whom I
Believing must return to thee thy ly.
Then hence malicious fiend, and tempt no more,
or if thou dar'st (as I look to find,
thy malice greatest now, when it ha's least
time for to act in) yet *Satan*, know
that ever conquering Enemy of thine,
with whom I now a going am to Reign,
that has protected me against thy spight
so long, will not now leave me, but will keep
me to the last, untill my warfare's done,
Then Death shall give me *Victory*, and a Crown.

And now Vain *World* farewell, false Enemy,
Let these bones rest, and thou shall not hurt me,
No more henceforth, need I to fear thy spight,
For I have conquered and won the fight.
My Crown is ready and I only stay,
For my great Captains word, to call away.

Farewell, my flesh no more a shed to me,
But Feasts for worms, and yet how loth are we,
To part that have so long been partners here,
Yet we must part, thou to thy dust and there,

Rest for a while, and I to heav'n, where I
 Shall shortly too expect thy company.
 When we shall re-united be again,
 With Christ our head, for evermore to reign.
Farewell my Hopes, you blessed spies that have
 still chear'd us amidst our weary steps,
 with sweet relations of that promis'd Land,
 that we are now agoing to possess.
 No more we need your help, but leave you for
 a guide to those that follow us: and *Faith*.
 Triumphant *Faith*, thou glorious instrument
 of this so great acquired Victory,
 The substance of our hopes, and evidence
 of things before not seen, but now to be
 discover'd in full Vision, Farewell.
 But *Charity*, greater than all the rest,
 thou must go with us, and receive the Crown.
 Thou art alone that grace, which shalt receive
 perfection in that place of happiness,
 where thou united to the breast of him,
 that is the fountain of all *Charity*,
 shalt thence flow back again in joyes to me.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my Course, I have kept the
 Faith, henceforth there is laid up for me, a Crown of Righteousness.
2. Tim. 4, 7, 8.

Cujus Ovanis Anima felicitatis status nullus.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE

ANd now Death gives the Exit to our Scene,
and Heav'n the Plaudit; Angels clap their hands
For Joy, and sing their Io Pœans to
This glorious conquest, as they did at first,
When the first fatal blow was struck between
Empirea and her Ghostly Enemies:
Let men and Angels now cry victory,
And praise to him through whom it is obtained
And whose assistance let us now implore,
That have this victory to perfect yet,
And Enemies, yet hot and powerfull,
To deal with: Let us look unto that prize,
That is to Crown our following Victories,
We fight not for a Corruptible Crown,
Nor Lawrels to be set upon our Graves,
To keep our Names fresh to Posterity.
As Alexander Conquerer of the World
Yet we must conquer worlds as well as he;
Our Conquests are more difficult, and Crowns
More glorious: Dearest Jesus, grant us first
Thy aid, then let our Enemies do their worst,
Stand thou but by us, and do thou but own us.
And we shall overcome, and thou shalt crown us.

FINIS